Our Youth.

A PAPER FOR YOUNG PEOPLE AND THEIR TEACHERS. PUBLISHED EVERY WEEK.

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EASTER.

BY RICHARD WATSON GILDER.

I.

When in the starry gloom
They sought the Lord Christ's tomb,
Two angels stood in sight
All dressed in dazzling white
Who unto the women said,
"Why seek ye the living among the dead?"

II.

His life, his hope, his heart,
With death they had no part:
For this those words of scorn
First heard that holy morn,
When the waiting angels said,
"Why seek ye the living among the dead?"

III.

O, ye of this latter day,
Who journey the self-same way
Through morning's twilight gloom
Back to the shadowy tomb:
To you, as to them, was it said,
"Why seek ye the living among the dead?"

IV.

The Lord is risen indeed,
He is here for your love, for your need—
Not in the grave, or the sky,
But here where men live and die;
And true the word that was said,
"Why seek ye the living among the dead?"

V.

Wherever are tears and sighs,
Wherever are children's eyes,
Where man calls man his brother,
And loves as himself another,
Christ lives! The angels said,
"Why seek ye the living among the dead?"

AN EASTER CARD.

BY ANNA F. BURNHAM.

"Ye'll be fetching me something, Mikey, dear?" called Maggie, as she always did when she heard the "fore door" opening to let her father out.

"Sure, darlin'!" replied her father, cheerfully, as he always did before the final slam.

Not for worlds would he have gone to his work without that question and answer. He liked to linger for it, giving the door a warning creak that always brought out the sweet little languid question with its coaxing "Mikey, dear." If ever he did miss it (when Maggie slept too late or he went too early), the whole day went wrong in spite of him. "It's me mornin' dram," said Mikey.

"I'll buy her a doll, the swateheart!" promised Father Mike to himself, crowding his old hat over his brows and pocketing his horny hands as he took his way out of the dirty, ill-smelling little lane toward the more respectable business portion of the city where his work lay.

Maggie, left to herself, leaned back wearily among her pillows and rested. That had been all her business lately, and it was terribly tiresome work, Maggie thought. She had raised herself a little to say that last word when her father went out, and it made her breath come short; and in the freckled hollows of her cheeks two little red spots had blossomed that Father Mike was wont to say were "purty to look at for posies."

"Ye're barkin' the morn!" said a kind, loud voice behind her.

Maggie was cornerwise on her couch to face the window, and look out at Mrs. O'Grady's mop-pails and the young house-painter's paint-pots, with such other signs of spring as were to be seen there. Her back was toward the door, and her visitor had stood there unobserved for some minutes taking in the general chilly, cheerless look of things. She had heard the child coughing, and came up with a kind impulse to do something.

Maggie turned her head and saw a rosy young Irishwoman with a baby at her breast.

"Why, ye're *fearful* sick!" cried the warm-hearted young creature. "And is there niver a *fri'nd* till yez?"

"Me *father!*" gasped Maggie, and a real princess couldn't have breathed the words more proudly.

"An' where's—" began the questioner, curiously.

"Mother's dead," said Maggie, after a little pause, during which the woman had kept quiet, "barrin' the baby," as she explained to her husband in recounting the story. The young man wanted his mother all to himself, screaming lustily if she tried to speak, and continually insisting on having a lock of her hair as a token of affection. The mother rescued her tousled tresses noisily, or spanked him heartily by way of interlude.

"There was a baby," pursued Maggie, who was glad of a pair of ears to talk to, "but he wint along with her. So there's jist the two of us, Mikey an' me—I mean me father!" she added, correcting herself hastily.

The love-name was not for every body. That was their little private fun. You couldn't have persuaded Father Mike that it wasn't the wittiest, archest, cunningest bit of drollery

for Maggie to call him Mikey, just as if he wasn't her own father, you know. He loved to make believe he wasn't. And Maggie—she told him one evening it was "jist like having a little make-believe swateheart of your own without the bother of a rale wan!" Father Mike broke his pipe a-laughing, and brought her two presents the next night to pay for it.

"Well," said the young woman, at last, after a kind but embarrassing study of Maggie's face, "my man will be wantin' some dinner the day, I dunno. If ye get lonesome-like I'm jist forninst ye. I saw yez moving in the Sattherday, and I thought I owed ye a call fer perliteness."

Maggie thanked her so warmly, and looked so lonesome already, that she stayed a long time, and I believe her man would have gone dinnerless had not the impatient youngster in her lap put in a "wee bit sifflication of his ain."

She came back presently with a hot bowl of broth that called up a warmer color into Maggie's pale cheeks and helped her off into a happy little nap that was better than "the lonesomeness."

It grew late and later, and still father did not come. She strained her eyes to watch for him till "every shadow wore his shape"—in fact, she grew so intent upon the shadows that she never noticed when he did come, and burst into a little cry of joy and then into tears when he crept softly up behind her and folded her, pillow and all, into his ragged, great-coat.

"Ar'n't yez a bit of a goose?" he demanded, laughing, with a rapturous rolling of his "r's," but a little tremble in the rich brogue after all. He was thinking there was less and less to hug of her every day.

"Guess at yer prisent, my honey!"

"Me name isn't Mahoney!" retorted Maggie, with a dash of the fun her father liked. "That's the woman down stairs, an' ye'll not be afther fetching *her* presents!"

"Ye needn't be so particular about the name, my lady, for ye came moighty close to not having any present at all, at all. I forgot *ahl about* ye, quite intirely, till I was a good bit on the road home!"

He did not tell her what he had "forgot intirely" up to his own door-step, and then trudged patiently back through the mud and mist, supperless and sore-footed as he was, for the love of her. It had been a hard day in his part of the world; "the boss" was cross and the clerks were hurried, and, to crown all, a fire broke out, so multiplying the demands on all sides that a dozen porters could hardly have done all that he was required or desired to do. This was all in the day's work, however; he didn't bother Maggie with it.

He did tell her how he found the shop shut, and he was coming along home, "jist dropping me ears wid shame, for I niver yit failed to fetch ye some token, mavourneen! whin, whisht! down in the mud at my feet, an' what did I see? A letther! and directed to nobody! A drap-letther ye may call it, for wasn't it drapped in the mud on purpose. There, take it! The cover's a bit soiled, belike; but the roses are as red as your cheeks, me darlin'! and the blissed cross niver got a spatter on it—I know, for I stopped under a lamp-post and —*perused* it!"

Red enough were Maggie's thin cheeks as she slipped the lovely Easter-card out of its muddy envelope. She had never seen so pretty a one before. The symbolic cross was there, but so hid behind the roses and lilies that you might easily forget it, or at least find it hard to remember that it could ever stand for whatever is most sad and harsh and bitter to be borne. The lilies clung lovingly about it. The roses glowed as only painted ones can. Father Mike had an eye for color, and "perused" pictures better than the king's English. He kicked off his boot and limped across the room in one wet stocking foot to look over Maggie's shoulder as she read out the precious Bible words that her sharp eyes spied out here and there in their bed of roses:

"'*Now is Christ risen from the dead.*'

"'*The Lord is risen—the Lord is risen indeed!*'

"'*I am the Resurrection and the Life.*'"

"Whisht, there! an' what are ye r'adin'?"

Maggie held up the card to show him, still reading.

"All the howly saints forgive me! And niver a wurrud about the blissed Vargin!" he cried, indignantly, snatching the card and holding it at horrified arm's length.

"O yes, there is!" cried Maggie, joyfully, catching sight of another little verse she had not seen. "Look till ye hear how they've put her name right until it:

"'*Jesus saith unto her, Mary. She turneth herself and said unto him, Master!*'

"Now can I have my card, Mikey, dear?"

She knew of but one "Mary." If he was wiser he said nothing.

"An' is it a hiritic I'd be afther havin' ye?" cried her father, angrily. He took it and was tossing it on the fire, but such a low, grieved cry broke from Maggie's lips that he threw it on a high shelf instead, and set himself sullenly about supper.

Maggie tried to choke down her grief, and pass the matter off lightly. She wasn't going to be naughty about it. But her father was too vexed to talk to-night. Too tired, and more disappointed, to tell the truth, than even Maggie herself. He had been at such pains to please her! Dearly as he loved her he could be cross, as the most loving of us are at times. He ate his supper as if it had been his enemy, and stalked off to bed in sulky silence.

But in the night when he woke up suddenly and heard little Maggie sobbing in her sleep, dear love rushed in on him like a flood, and he jumped out of bed in a passion of remorse and tucked the Easter-card under her poor, hot pillow.

"Mikey, dear," said Maggie, in the most wheedling of tones the following evening, after supper, when father had pulled up his yellow wooden rocking-chair, and pulled out his pipe and they were all cozy.

"Ye're a bit of a blatherskite!" said Mikey, taking his pipe out of his mouth to chuck her under the chin with it. He knew Maggie had something on her mind when she began that way.

"But, Mikey, dear!" repeated little Miss Maggie, with a voice like the purr of a pussy-cat.

He smoked attentively, so she went on.

"I *wish* you'd be afther telling me about the wurruds in my picture-card," she said, coaxingly. "You know how to explanify things so beautiful."

Such a Machiavellian stroke as that was! It almost staggered poor Mikey, who, like many other ignorant men, dearly loved to expound knotty questions to his womankind. But he puffed away the temptation with a whiff from his pipe and told Maggie to "kape her card and take comfort wid it, but to pit cotton-wool in her ears whin she moinded the r'adin'."

"But Mrs. Mahoney down stairs says it's ahl about *Jesus*, and that it's Jesus you ought to pray to, and Mary's nobody at ahl but his mother, says she!"

Maggie delivered herself of all of this in one breathless sentence, for she had it to say, and she saw her time was short by more than one token.

"Dir ye mane to say that anny Mrs. Mahoney telled ye ahl that, an' she a good Catholic?"

He had dropped Maggie's hand and let the ashes fall out of his pipe unheeded. It frightened Maggie to see him look so "ma'ad at her," but she went on.

"She isn't a Catholic at ahl, she says. She turned Protestant an' her husband wid her, and she told me ahl about me card an' how to kape Easter, an', Mikey, dear, she made *me* want to love Jesus too, and have him for a *fri'nd*, and thin wan day I'll rise wid him in glory!"

The little pleading voice thrilled through that one desperate sentence, but she burst into tears at the end of it, and lay sobbing and frightened at her own boldness. She had it to say; she could do no other, and yet it was frightful to brave her father's angry face in that way.

He stamped his foot he was so angry, and brought his big hand down on the table so heavily that the dishes trembled.

"If iver that Mrs. Mahoney shows her Prothestant face inside av this room again she'll kape it on the other side av the dure! You tell her from me that she's to kape her own quarthers, and ye'd betther not let me know of ye sp'akin' till her!"

"Father, I want a little red Testament like Mrs. Mahoney's!"

Maggie had taken her life in her hand. The little red Testament was the objective point of all this conference.

"Ye'll not be gettin' it!" said Mike, shortly, and went to bed.

Maggie said no more about the book or the card. She would not plague him about it. But her eyes were so sad and wistful it smote his heart, and her very voice took a plaintive note that pain and weakness had never lent it before. There were no more gay words in the morning; no chatter at night. She forgot even to say "Mikey, dear," and it grieved him.

She fixed the beautiful Easter-card up at the foot of her couch where she could see it; and day after day, as he went to his work, he carried the vision of Maggie's asking eyes fastened on it, and Maggie's voice mixed itself up with all his errands, pleading, "I *wish* ye'd tell me about the wurruds, Mikey, dear!"

"An' what do I know about the wurruds?" he cried, hotly, one night going home in the gathering dusk, pursued, as always now, by that haunting whisper that would not be coaxed nor driven away,

"*I wish ye'd tell me, father!*"

Maggie herself might have said it. But he knew it was not Maggie. She was waiting for him at home on the little lounge by the window. O how he loved her! How he longed to take the pain and weakness and make her well and strong! He knew he would die for her this minute. But he could not tell her about "the words."

And then—and there—on the lonely road, in the gathering dusk, this poor, ignorant, loving father cried out to the most loving Father of all, and stretched out hungry hands for help and guidance. He must get it—for Maggie. What was there he would not do for Maggie? He must get it for himself. All the hunger of his life gnawed at his heart.

He jumped up from his knees and ran home to Maggie. Ran—how was he to wait to-night for walking?

Something had happened; he saw it in her face. He lit the lamp and turned the key with the feeling of one who shuts his closet door behind him.

"Maggie, me darlin'," he began, with his heart so full of it that it wouldn't bear waiting, "ye may have yer card, Maggie, and ye may ask Mrs. Mahoney and anny body else ahl ye like about it. As for yer poor Mikey, he don't know himself. Arrah! Maggie, me gurrl, I'd chop me raight hand clean off at the wrist an' welcome, on'y jist to get to God widout any praste between!"

"And don't ye know ye *can*, father!" answered Maggie, with a face full of joy, but a breath so faint and fluttering that he bent his ear to hear. "It's no man but on'y Christ between. I wanted ye to come home so to tell ye. Mrs. Mahoney *did* come—she didn't know about you not wanting her, and she *would* tell me, father—and O, I wanted to hear! And she gave me this, and I was going to be so frighted to show it to ye!"

It was the little red Testament.

"Maggie, me gurrl," said Mikey, solemnly, "if it's thrue about going to God, *thin we will!* It's years that I've wanted him. In the dark night me sowl's cried out for him. I've walked by meself in lonesome places and wanted to scream out so loud if happen 'twould get into his ear, and let him know what me heart naded."

"It's only Christ!" breathed Maggie.

He scarcely heard her, though he bent his ear to hear.

"Maggie, me gurrl," he cried, in sudden alarm, "I'm feared to lose ye. Ye wont *l'ave* me!" cried poor, heart-broken Mike, clasping her in his tender, horny hands.

She only smiled on him like an angel; but by and by she said,

"Wont ye let me hear ye pray till him, Mikey, dear?"

Pray? Die! He would do any thing for her.

She was so still he did not know when she ceased to pray with him. When he looked at her the stars were shining in at her little window, and the moonlight softly kissed her sweet still face. The Easter-card looked at them lovingly from its place at the foot of the bed. The lilies shone purely and the painted roses bloomed, but a stray moonbeam had touched the cross, making it luminous as Maggie's last glance was fixed upon it. So she left him. It seemed as if she had fallen asleep, looking at the cross.

PUSSY-WILLOW.

BY MARION MANVILLE.

I'm a little pussy-willow,
And I come out in the spring,
Like a puffy kind of pillow
Never good for any thing.

I'm a funny sort of fellow,
As you'll see if you will look,
Dressed in green, and gray, and yellow,
Always standing by a brook.

Some folks took me for a kitty,
And they named me Pussy Will,
Which I always thought a pity,
For I *could* be nicknamed Bill!

If you ever care to find me,
You will see I'm prompt to date,
For I have a switch behind me!
So I never come out late.

CHINESE SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

BY J. L. HARBOUR.

DENVER'S Chinatown is a part of Colorado's beautiful city of which the people are not particularly proud. Chinatown is such a squalid, unsightly place, redolent with foul odors and filthy to the last degree.

It consists of a block of low brick houses, some of them not more than ten feet in height, and perhaps thirty feet in length. As many as a dozen Chinamen will live in one of these wretched little places, which are unpainted, unplastered, and forever unswept and unscrubbed.

The little windows are curtainless, but are too dirty to admit much light. Calico or muslin curtains separate one apartment from the other. The furniture consists of a cheap chair or two, some stools, boxes, pine bunks against the wall, and a small stove.

Every house smells of opium, for every Chinaman uses it.

All the Chinese *ladies* in Denver live in these pleasing abodes in Chinatown. They spend much of their time in adorning their persons, and none in beautifying their homes. Most of them are depraved creatures.

There are as many as three hundred Chinamen living in the one small block known as Chinatown. In it are as many as fifteen gambling halls, three or four stores, and one restaurant. I visited that restaurant once, and am now ready to believe any thing I may hear regarding Chinese cookery. Starvation alone could have induced me to eat a bite in that restaurant.

The Joss house is in Chinatown. It is a small brick building, about ten by eighteen feet in size. A picture of Joss embroidered and painted hangs at one end of the room.

Before it is a kind of an altar covered with gaudy decorations of different kinds, together with a great many Chinese delicacies in the way of food in fancy dishes. Incense and colored lights are kept burning all the time.

Christian ladies in Denver come to this room three evenings each week, to teach several of the Chinamen to read and write. One of these Chinamen showed us a letter he had written in English, and it was very well done indeed. He talked very intelligently to us, but I fear his faith in Joss was yet unshaken.

Those familiar with the vileness of Chinatown and the low moral character of its inhabitants would think it stony ground in which to sow good seed. But there is no stony ground where human souls are, and some of the seed of righteousness has taken root in the barren soil of Chinatown, and saved souls have come therefrom.

But it is among the Chinese who live outside of Chinatown that the most good is done. There are several hundred Chinese living in different parts of Denver. Little can be written in praise of their manner of living, for none of them are as neat as they might be. But they are a great improvement over their relatives in Chinatown.

Christian ladies and gentlemen in Denver have for some time been doing missionary work among these Chinese, and they now have several Sunday-schools of their own.

Most of the teachers are ladies, and there must be a teacher for every Chinaman. They manifest a preference for lady teachers, and are not slow to indicate their disapproval when a substitute is offered in the shape of a gentleman.

However untidy or even filthy they may be at home, the Chinamen come to Sunday-school neatly dressed and clean as to their faces and hands.

Nearly all wear the American costume, with the exception of the coat; for this they substitute a frock-like garment with flowing sleeves. Occasionally one is seen in garments suggestive of the American dude. I saw such a one the other day. He wore a suit of plaid, a lavender necktie, gloves, a stylish hat on one side of his head, and his shirt-front was glaringly white. His hair was cut short, and that is something rare among the American Chinese in Denver. The cue is retained when all else goes.

The teachers must possess their souls in patience. Most Chinamen are so dumb. The worst of it is that they continually declare that they know and clearly understand things of which they have no knowledge. It is always "less, less" (yes) with them in reply to every question.

The Chinamen are very fond of their teachers, and often make them pretty and even valuable presents.

The superintendent of one of the Sunday-schools entertained a large number of Chinamen at his house last Thanksgiving day, and a Christmas tree was made for them on Christmas.

A number of Christian ladies in Denver prepared a very nice dinner for their Chinese Sunday-school scholars on New Year's day. In return for this kindness ten of the Chinamen surprised the ladies by preparing a dinner to which the ladies were invited.

Realizing that their homes were not fit places for the ladies to dine in, the Chinamen rented a small room up town and in it served their dinner.

They laid the cloth, set the table, cooked and served the dinner themselves, and surprised their guests with the great variety of dishes prepared and the excellence of them all.

The Chinamen in attendance at the Sunday-schools have little to do with the inhabitants of Chinatown, and do not go to the Joss house. They speak of the Chinatown residents as "velly bad Chinamen," "no good," "no go to Sunday-school."

I asked my own Chinaman—the one who for two years did my washing—if he went to any of the Sunday-schools.

"O less," he replied.

"What for?" I asked.

"Makee me good."

"Do you like to go?"

"O velly muchee. I velly happy. Love Jesus, see?"

I saw his love for the Christ who died for him shining in the poor fellow's eyes and in his radiant face.

"You do not work on Sundays now, do you?" I asked.

"O no, me no workee Sunday. Just go to Sunday-school and be good."

The Chinamen often give Sunday-school concerts. They recite and sing in Chinese and in English. Sometimes they have dialogues or write short compositions. They are industrious and humble souls, and although not, as a class, desirable in large numbers in America, I disagree with a noted divine who said not long ago that Americans could have nothing in common with the Chinese The word of God and the cross of Christ is for us all, and we are all one at the foot of the heavenly throne.

THE EASTER DAWN.

BY MARY D. BRINE.

Hail, blessed Easter morning,
When earth at last awakes
From out her Lenten slumber,
And of new joys partakes.
O, glorious is thy dawning
O'er all the landscape fair!
With joy the bells are ringing
Thy glory to declare.

Ring out, ye bells, yet louder
The songs of peace and love;
The songs of happy spring-time,
The gift of God's dear love.
Ring out the happy story
Of Christ, the risen Lord;
Of him, whom men and angels
Forever have adored.

Bloom, O ye Easter lilies!
So fair, so pure, so white;
Bloom out to greet the morning
After the darksome night.
For lo! the Easter dawning
Has gladdened all the earth,
And joy, and peace, and gladness
In every heart have birth.

REX RANSOM'S CRUISE TO FAR CATHAY.

A Serial Story.

BY AN OFFICER IN THE U. S. NAVY.

CHAPTER XXI.

FOURTH OF JULY IN NAGASAKI.

Over a year has passed since Rex visited the Korean metropolis. Since that time he has seen the capital of Japan, and wandered through the streets of Kobe, and sailed through the waters of the beautiful Inland Sea. He has grown familiar with the busy life of Shanghai, and, despite its dirt and smells, has explored the filthy old city of Amoy. The ship is again at Nagasaki now, and the day of the national anniversary has come round. The *Scranton* is brilliant with her "rainbow dressing" of bunting, and preparations are being made for a day of unusual festivity. Fore and aft on the gun-deck the tables of the different messes are laid with white linen, and handsomely decorated with flowers and evergreens.

One of the leading spirits in the whole movement among the crew is Rex. He has won his spurs. So far as his ex-

perience has permitted, he is "every inch a sailor." His "Gunnery Catechism" and "Seaman's Manual" are at his tongue's end. Better than this, his manliness, purity of life, and force of character have found recognition among a class of men whose tongues are often coarse, but whose optics rarely make a mistake in seeing of what sort a man is. Nowhere is hypocrisy more surely unmasked, nowhere is cant more heartily scorned than among the crew of a man-of-war. Rex is by no means a favorite—by many he is even hated—but by all he is respected.

He is no longer in the ranks; he has been promoted. The badge of a petty officer is worked upon his sleeve, and no one filled his billet with greater acceptability. He is coxswain of the swiftest, prettiest boat in the ship, or even in the fleet—the gig. That his boat is kept in superb condition; that he has drilled his crew to perfection, that all its members are trustworthy and all "swear" by him—this goes without saying. His "stroke" is Reddy, who stands next to Rex in the esteem of the ship's company. When the gig is "called away" at night to take the captain on shore, that officer never has any apprehension as to the condition in which he will find the boat's crew when he returns. None of them "sly off" into a rum-hole. They are all members of the Temperance League.

The morning of the Fourth was spent in active preparations—getting the decks in order, the running rigging "flemished down," the tables laid for dinner, and, last but not least, sending invitations to the crews of foreign men-of-war in the harbor to attend upon the festivities of the occasion.

For this latter purpose two catamarans were lashed together, rigged schooner-fashion, and armed with two boat howitzers. A tall member of the crew was selected to personate "Uncle Sam," and several others were costumed and painted to attend him as a body-guard. When they appeared on the quarter-deck and saluted the officer, and asked formal permission to go upon their errand, no one could keep from laughing. The highest honors were accorded to "Uncle Sam." He was piped over the starboard gangway, with eight "side boys" attending, and the band playing "Hail Columbia" and "Yankee Doodle." Shoving off from the ship, the strange craft was propelled first to the English man-of-war. The officers and crew there entered heartily into the joke. The side was piped, and "Uncle Sam" was received with all the honors. His invitation was thankfully accepted. After shoving off from the Englishman, to the amusement of all, a salute of twenty-one guns was fired on board the catamaran. The Japanese and other men-of-war were successively visited, and "Uncle Sam," who carried through his part with a good deal of spirit, was heartily cheered. The little expedition was very successful.

An hour before noon the crew "shifted" into white mustering clothes, and sat down to a splendid dinner of fish, roast beef, ham, roast pork, broiled chicken, salad, pie, cake, coffee—the cheeriest, happiest meal they had ever had on board of the *Scranton*. Precisely at twelve o'clock the first gun of the national salute was fired. The other men-of-war immediately began firing, and the belching flames, the heavy reports echoing from the hills, and the clouds of smoke which wreathed the ships, gave a vivid impression of the terrible power which the engines of modern warfare possess.

The programme for the afternoon was a full and varied one. Several visitors from the shore had come off, among them some ladies, who watched the sports with keenest interest. The first thing on the list was a "go-as-you-please" running match, the course being the whole length of the flush spar-deck—aft on the port side, forward on the starboard side. There were several entries, and the running was very spirited for a time, but one by one the contestants dropped out, and no one was left but a private of marines who was evidently used to such contests, and did not allow himself, therefore, to exhaust his wind in the first of the race.

A hurdle contest was next in order. The contestants made such quick time that it was hard to tell them apart. The swiftest and most agile, however, proved to be our friend Rex, who cleared the last hurdle at some distance ahead of his competitors.

Afterward came two contests with gloves in which Reddy showed remarkable skill; a laughable sack race; a "shoe racket," several pairs of shoes being mixed up in a bag, and then emptied on the deck, the one who grabbed and mated the first pair, and put them on, winning the prize; wheelbarrow and potato races; standing jumps, high kicks, and hitch-and-kicks, all of which displayed a surprising amount of agility among the crew. But the "sport" which caused more fun than any other was styled "the aquatic dip." The arrangement for it consisted of a "division tub" half filled with salt water. About $15 worth of silver coin of various denominations, from a Mexican dollar down, mixed with counterfeit pieces made of tin, were scattered over the bottom of the tub. The contestants were required to have their hands tied or kept behind them, plunge their heads in, and pick up, with lips and teeth, the coins, the one bringing up the largest aggregate value in a certain number of trials being the successful man. Shouts of laughter, with all sorts of ridiculous comments and criticisms, greeted the dripping face of each diver as he rose with his mouthful of coin, which often turned out to be only some five-cent pieces or a counterfeit dollar.

Some international boat races came off toward the close of the afternoon. Two Japanese cutters entered for the first contest, and two of the *Scranton's* cutters. It was a fine sight to watch the boats form in line, the crews stripped to their work, and all starting at the signal, the boats almost leaping from the water with quick, powerful strokes of the oars. In this race one of the Japanese cutters came out ahead, to the intense gratification of its crew—a feeling in which all on board the *Scranton* chivalrously joined, clapping their hands heartily and cheering the winning boat.

The second and great contest of the day was the gig race. For this had been entered an English boat, two Japanese boats, one of the *Scranton's* whale boats, and the latter's gig. A great deal of money had been "put up" on this contest, as is usual on such occasions, but Rex and his crew would have nothing to do with this species of gambling. In this they were a unit. Rex had not tried to argue with them from a high moral ground—that would not have had so much weight—but he convinced them from past experiences that betting carried with it a bad and demoralizing influence; that it was a cheap and vulgar way of bolstering up either a man's opinions or ability in a contest of the kind before them; and that he wanted them to pull with the motive, not of winning a purse of gold, but of proving, if possible, that they were the best crew—the smartest, manliest fellows in the harbor.

It is almost needless to say that his course was not relished by his shipmates; that it provoked a storm of contemptuous ridicule and epithets. When the gig was "called away" that afternoon, and the crew went aft to lower it, every one of them was followed by some sneering comment; and had not Rex been watchful and shown great tact, some of his hot-tempered fellows would have answered back with their fists. It was hard to pull a race without the sympathy of one's shipmates, Rex reflected, but better be beat than do wrong. And then he quietly resolved that he would *not* be beat. He looked his boat carefully over when she was in the water. Every thing was perfect. There was not a spare ounce of weight that could be removed without "gutting the boat," and to that Rex would not consent. He looked his crew over eagerly, and said a few quiet, forcible words to them; then they gave way and pulled to the starting-point.

In drawing for position Rex got the worst place in the line—the middle. The English gig was on his right, and one of the Japanese gigs on his left. There was danger of "fouling." The wind was light and nearly abeam. He would have preferred, for this and other reasons, to be on the right of the line. The stake-boat had to be turned to the left. The course was about a mile and a half out, and the same distance back.

After some delay and one false start the boats got away, one of the Japanese gigs leading. Rex held his crew in, like hounds in a leash. "Easy, my lads—a firm, strong stroke!" He himself was perfectly cool. He was determined not to "be fouled" if he could help it. From time to time he watched the other boats, and estimated what they were doing and what they could do. The English boat pulled slowly ahead and took his water. Rex put his helm to port slightly; the Englishman did the same; he then put his helm to starboard; the Englishman did the same. Rex bit his lips and a contemptuous smile at such "jockeying" came to his face. He put his helm again slightly to port and kept it there. The Englishman did not dare accept this challenge to run off at an angle from the stake-boat. Rex kept his gig on the starboard quarter of his competitor, and bided his time. His crew were not especially exerting themselves; the English crew were doing their best.

Before they reached the stake-boat, the *Scranton's* whale-boat was left behind, and one of the Japanese gigs had snapped an oar; both were practically out of the race. The Englishman had the lead. The second Japanese gig was slightly ahead of the *Scranton's* gig, her crew pulling lustily and determined, if possible, to carry off again the honors of the day. Rex's crew began to be impatient. "Easy, my lads," he quietly said; "I shall have work for you presently." His large eyes were full of light. He was sure now of success. The crew obeyed him implicitly.

In rounding the stake-boat the English gig lost ground; she had a square stern and required space to turn in. The Japanese boat also lost. Rex's time had come. His gig—sharp at both ends like a whale-boat—could turn almost in its own length. When the boats were pointed for the home stretch he was on the port quarter of the English boat and rapidly overhauling her.

"Shake her up a little, my lads—not too much!"

In a few seconds his boat was abeam of the Englishman. There for a couple of minutes Rex tantalizingly held her, the English crew doing their level best, his own crew simply pulling a firm, strong stroke. Then, with a scornful salute to the English coxswain, he said to his men,

"Now, my lads, *lift* her!"

With a glad shout they responded. Vainly the Englishmen tried to "spurt;" vainly they lashed the water with their oars; their coxswain shouted at them, cursed them, but they could do no more. The American gig shot ahead, and in a minute had taken the lead.

"Lay down to it, my lads," cried Rex. "Leave a wide gap!"

The Japanese crew had "spurted," and were now abeam of the English boat, but could not pass her.

In a few moments the *Scranton's* gig was a half-dozen boat-lengths ahead. The crew had excellent staying qualities. Rex decided not to hold them in. As they drew near the ship shouts of applause greeted them. Rex's face flushed with pleasure. Those of the crew on board who had been sullen and contemptuous cheered the loudest. As the boat passed the line, and the pistol shot announced the race ended and the victory won, Rex gave the order,

"Stand by to lay on oars—OARS!"

Every oar was instantly feathered and motionless.

"You have done nobly, my hearties," he said to the crew, as he rose in the boat and saluted the captain, officers, and visitors who were cheering him on the poop-deck of the *Scranton.*

"Gad, I never saw such fine pulling in all my life," said an English officer, who was in the company. "I am out a five-pun note, but I'd willingly set up the beer for those fine fellows," he exclaimed, magnanimously.

"Better not try it," said the captain of the *Scranton;* "they are all teetotalers to a man."

"I don't call this a race," said Reddy, as the gig trailed oars and ran along-side the port gangway. "'Twas as easy as rollin' off a log. No need to rub down after that."

But when they came on board their shipmates rubbed them down, and clapped them on the back, and went wild over them for a few minutes. A half-dozen lusty fellows got hold of Rex and had him on their shoulders despite his protestations, and carried him triumphantly forward. Their enthusiasm, however, was not entirely unmixed. The betting, it appeared, had run high, and the Englishmen were badly "scooped." But the *Scrantons* had not counted upon such a magnificent victory.

"You were going like chain lightning when you passed the line," said an old quartermaster to Rex.

For the evening a minstrel performance and a general illumination of the ship with Japanese lanterns had been planned; but a heavy fall of rain hindered the latter and somewhat dashed the enthusiasm of the former. The awnings were "housed," however, gratings laid down upon the deck, a stage with curtain, foot-lights, etc., rigged abaft the mainmast, benches and chairs brought up, lanterns hung at convenient places, and at 8 o'clock the "Snowflakes" were ready to begin.

A semicircle of grotesquely dressed performers, with blackened faces and extravagant cuffs and collars, appeared when the curtain was drawn, and sang the plaintive song "Dreaming of Home," the band playing a light accompaniment. This was followed by solo songs, and the usual colloquies between "the end-men," in which a good many humorous hits were made; and these, after an interval, by clog dances, sentimental and comic songs, exercises with Indian clubs, and two or three laughable farces.

Rex took no part in the evening show. He perched himself on one of the topsail sheet-bitts forward of the mizzen mast, where he could see and hear every thing, and laughed as heartily as any one while he stayed there.

A boat was sent ashore at 8:30, and when it returned it brought two heavy mail bags. Slipping down from his perch Rex worked his way forward through the crowd, and went below on the gun-deck. It was brilliantly lighted, but almost deserted. He lingered till the mail was assorted, and when the master-at-arms came forward with his hands full of letters for the crew, waylaid him.

"Give me mine, please, Graham," he said. "The rest are too busy to care for theirs now."

The master-at-arms took the pile to the capstan and looked it through, slowly.

"Nothing for you," he said.

Rex's disappointment was keen. This was the second mail which had come and brought no letter from "little Ellen." She must be sick, he thought, and a painful thrill of apprehension passed over him. Sadly out of accord were his feelings with the shouts of laughter on the deck above. He had no heart for hilarity. To get away from it he went below to the berth-deck. A cot was slung in the passage-way near the sick bay. The coxswain of the second cutter lay in it. He had been taken violently ill a few hours before, but was somewhat better now. Rex went to see him, and in his sympathy for his shipmate forgot for the moment his own sorrow.

A boat was called away—the second cutter. The sick man gave an impatient start. Rex jumped up.

"*I'll* go, Davis," he said. "They wont want the gig yet awhile, if they do at all."

He got out his oiled coat and ran up to the spar-deck. It was still raining, and the performance was going on. He hunted up the officer of the deck, and offered to take the place of the sick coxswain.

"Very well," growled the officer. "Tumble into the boat and get the awning spread."

In a few moments the boat was ready, and half a dozen ladies and gentlemen came down the ladder, attended by some officers. There was a merry chatter of voices as the party took their seats, and pulled the boat-cloth up round them and tucked it in, and said their good-byes and thanks.

"Coxswain, land these ladies and gentlemen, and return to the ship!"

"Ay, ay, sir," replied Rex. "Shove off! Up oars! Let fall! Give way together!"

The boat sped out into the darkness. It was a long and wet pull, and when they reached the *hatoba* it required some skill to make the landing, but the party were all got out safely. Rex was just stepping into the boat to return when a Japanese mail-messenger came down. He had a bundle of letters which, on account of insufficient postage, had been detained at the post-office. Accompanying the letters was a memorandum of the amount of postage due on each, the total being $1 67. He held up a lantern while Rex looked over the memorandum. To his great surprise and delight Rex saw his own name twice mentioned in the list. But he had only a dollar and a few cents with him; the balance, however, was readily obtained from some of the crew of the cutter.

Rex's heart beat joyfully all the way back to the ship. At the gangway he handed the letters to the officer of the deck, and also the memorandum.

"I paid the amount due, sir, on these," he said, respectfully.

"Very well; the master-at-arms will collect and pay you back. Haul your boat out to the boom!"

He secured his boat, and came on board. After a half-hour of impatient waiting the master-at-arms brought him his letters—one, a large, official-looking document, the handwriting of which he did not recognize; the other, the long-expected letter from "little Ellen." He hastily opened the latter. Such a full, sweet, tender epistle it was, and yet somewhat constrained and nervous, and hinting at some mysterious tidings of good fortune shortly to come to him. The letter had been delayed. It should have reached him a fortnight before.

He opened the large envelope. It was from his uncle. Before he had read a half-dozen lines his face flushed with surprise and excitement. When he finished it, he seemed like one in a dream. But there was no dream or sleep for him that night.

. . . . . .

"Reddy, I want you to dine with me to-night ashore," said Rex, the next morning.

"Well, I don't know as I can find a better feller to dine with," said that youngster; "but can we get ashore together?"

"I'll fix it."

. . . . . .

In a private dining-room of the Bellevue Hotel, the two friends sat down to as fine a dinner as the place could furnish. Reddy was surprised at the glitter of the tables as they went in, and a quick suspicion crossed his mind. Was it possible that Rex had taken a quiet bet on the gig the day before, and was this the outcome of it? No, the thought was unworthy and he banished it, but he was very much puzzled, nevertheless. Rex on the other hand was hilarious—more so than he had ever seen him before; but his excitement was not provoked by any liquid stimulants. They had a great feast together. When it was over and they were left alone, Rex said,

"I have something to tell you, Reddy, but it is to be kept strictly between us."

Reddy gave the desired assurance.

Rex then told him that he had received an important letter from his uncle the night before, that the letter stated that an old abandoned farm in Pennsylvania which had been bequeathed to Rex's father years before, and been regarded as worthless, had been found to contain an ore of great value and comparative rareness; that, stimulated by the extravagant offers made to him as executor, his uncle had taken counsel and employed an expert to visit the land; that, from the report made by this expert, he had privately fixed upon a selling price; that, on receiving a cash offer several thousands of dollars above this figure, he had promptly sold, and invested the proceeds judiciously; and that the income from the sale was sufficient to enable his nephew to live in comfort, and luxury even; and that his uncle had further informed him that his discharge could be procured if he desired it; but he, after thinking the matter over, had decided to stay the cruise out and go home in the ship.

Reddy listened to this recital with unfeigned astonishment.

"Well, I'll be jiggered—"

"No, you wont be jiggered at all," said Rex, rising and going over to him; and taking him by the wrists, and looking him affectionately in the eyes. "There's good stuff in you, my dear fellow, and as true as you live, you shall have a chance to bring it out. We'll make our mark together in the world! And, Reddy," he went on, breathlessly, "do you know what I'm going to do when I get to Yokohama? Of course you don't, but I'll tell you. I'm going—" and a fine blush came to his cheeks—"I'm going to buy a lot of embroideries, and a white *crepe* and satin dress for the dearest little woman in the world."

THE END.

KOOMANA.

BY W. H. GILDER.

THE first important gift I received after becoming a resident of an Esquimau village in North Hudson Bay was a boy. He was a bright, handsome lad, about twelve years old, whom I had often particularly noticed for a manly and dignified bearing. His name was Koomana. That was euphonious and pretty, but when later I learned its meaning the name lost that pleasing sound which in my unenlightened state I had so much admired. All Esquimau names have some meaning. Usually a person is named after some object. One man (or woman, for there is no distinction of gender) will be called "Wolf," another "Seal," another "Salmon," and a man who joined our party in King William's Land was named "Tee-keeur," which means first finger, but sometimes by way of joke the others would call him "Potowock," signifying great toe. My boy's name, Koomana, means lousy, but in this case it was a misnomer, as Koomana was particular cleanly—for an Esquimau. His parents were pleased that he had found favor with one of the white men, and one day formally presented him to me. In return I gave the father a handful of gunpowder and a few percussion caps, and to the mother half a dozen needles. Then the boy moved into our tent and was fed from our table, but I noticed that he prudently took the rough edge off of his appetite at the pile of reindeer or walrus meat in his parents' tent.

In the course of a few days I reached the conclusion that if I could not alter his name I might, at least, change the condition which seemed to make it appropriate by giving him a new suit of clothes. There was a difficulty now arising from the fact that all our clothing came from what is called the "slop-cask" of a whaler and had been designed for full-grown men. In all Esquimau-land there were no tailors or seamstresses who could fashion and make woolen clothes. So I was constrained to exercise my own ingenuity with scissors and needle, and alter some clothes so that my adopted son might be clad in civilized garments. It was a change that he had long desired, and no boy in the civilized world ever attended with greater anxiety the hour when he might don trousers and coat than that artless savage waited for his first woolen suit. The material was only rough sailor's cloth, and the cut and stitches would scarcely pass muster in a ready-made clothing store, but it was a great feat for me to accomplish, and both Koomana and I regarded the garments with unspeakable pride.

Before he donned his new suit I longed to take him into my tent and give him such a bath as used to commemorate the Saturday afternoon of my childhood. But knowing that these people never wash I was afraid to run the risk and omitted the bathing experiment. The next day I heard Frank Melms, one of our party, tell Koomana, as he handed him a piece of brown soap, that I would like him better if he washed his face and hands. Away went the lad to the nearest puddle, and soon came running into the tent, breathless from exercise, and turned his smiling face upward to me for inspection and ap-

proval. Then it was that I saw what an effort he had made to please me. His face was clean and shiny, while all around it, at the roots of his hair and on his neck, the newly applied suds lay white on the black grease and dirt that had not been reached by the cleansing process.

Poor child, he had done the best he could to please me, and at what cost of suffering was evident in his blood-shot eyes, which the suds had invaded through his unskilled manipulation.

Koomana was an excellent hunter and dog driver for his age, and had a record of five seals killed on the ice, which was two more than the next best score among the boys of his tribe, even including those several years his senior. He had also killed five reindeer, and had vanquished all competitors of his age in their canoe races. Although my boy had a man's waist his arms were those of a child, and consequently a gun with the ordinary stock was awkward for him to handle. I therefore made for him a small and effective magazine rifle by replacing the stock of a large Smith & Wesson pistol with one which I cut out of a black walnut board and made into a short gun-stock which he could use with facility. With this crude weapon Koomana contributed thirteen reindeer to our general stock of provisions while on the journey to King William's Land and return. Wherever I went, whether on sledge journeys or hunting excursions, Koomana was always my brave little companion. I enjoyed his society while profiting by his knowledge of Esquimau craft; therefore it is not strange that we grew very fond of each other, and that parting was a great trial to both of us. Koomana was drowned the year after I left Hudson Bay, and when I return it will not seem like the same place without him.

CONCERNING PICTURES.

BY REV. J. I. BOSWELL.

THE sale at auction last March of the paintings which belonged to the late Mrs. Mary J. Morgan was an event in the world of art. No such sale ever before took place in this country. The pictures were 240 in number, and the sum total of the sale reached the neat little sum of $885,300.

The taste for fine pictures has within recent years had a rapid growth in this country. This is owing to various reasons. Travel to Europe has increased owing to improved facilities, and tens of thousands of Americans are now familiar with the masterpieces of art which adorn and enrich the galleries of Paris, Florence, and Munich. They have returned to their own land with an increased love for the beautiful creations of the painter and sculptor.

The rapid increase of wealth has also had its effect. A century ago when the nation was in its infancy we were all of us very poor. We had a hard fight—as we all remember—to keep the wolf of poverty away from our doors. We had to plow and dig, to build and weave, and we had no time to do much else, and we had no money to spend on luxuries in the way of painted canvas. All our spare cash was needed to buy an extra acre of land, to get an overcoat to keep the cold wind from freezing the blood, and to put an extra room on the log cabin to accommodate the growing family. We did not care for art, but we did care for religion, and we ceased to work upon the Sabbath, and we went with our friends and neighbors to church to worship God. As for the few painters—the only kind we had use for were those who painted houses, barns, and fences—and portraits, if they did them cheap. We were a serious people, and the struggle for life was so intense that we could do little else but pray for daily bread and then work.

Now how changed! Houses and roads are built. The harvests wave in golden splendor, the mines yield gold and silver, the iron rail furnishes a road for our goods to the best market, and we are either all of us rich or going to be. We have time to study, and to write books, and to paint pictures, and to buy them when others paint better than we. Look at the flowery carpets on our once well-sanded floors, and the useless but pretty vases on the shelves, and the costly bound volume of photographs on the marble table, and the "Queen Anne" shingles and windows on the side of our houses, and the pictures of Madonnas—just lovely—on our walls. O! we are all fond of art and culture to-day, for that you know is all the fashion.

It is all right to open up new sources of innocent enjoyment, but let us not forget the old ones. God made us to be something more than mere machines to work until we fall to pieces, and there is time for rest and recreation. But I sometimes wonder whether with all our added sources of joy we are so much happier than we were in those hard-working times a hundred years ago. Art has its mission, but our love for it should not be a ruling passion and crowd out all religion. Never should we think more of the creature and of his most beautiful work than we do of the great Creator.

I am glad that some of us are rich, and we are not to be despised or railed at because we are. We made our money honestly, and we shall try to spend it as we ought. We give to aid the church and to relieve the poor, and we manage our business so as to find honest work and fair wages to the hundreds who are under our employ. The world needs our business heads just as much as it needs the brawny arms of Patrick, and both work together toward adding to the wealth which grows so rapidly. If then we spend some money on a picture gallery are we not doing right? You prize the poems by Burns or Milton, and you have them in handsome bindings on your study table, but a picture is a poem on canvas, and a painter is brother to the writer, and he uses the brush rather than the pen. Genius is one of heaven's best gifts to the race, and when a great painter appears pay him well for his work, for it will be a blessing to generations to come.

You say that we rich men are selfish, and will not let others share the joy our pictures give us. This is certainly a mistake.

We welcome our friends, and we exhibit the paintings to aid some noble charity. But if there be a selfish one among us who will not let the public share with him in his joy, remember this, he will grow poor, and then his paintings will be scattered. He will surely die, and if he does not leave his noble collection to the people by his will, his heirs in two or three generations will prefer gold to painted canvas. In the end the people always gain by the life-long labors of wealthy collectors of rare things and works of art.

But one thing more I want to say, and read and ponder. Much is said that is foolish about the effect of art upon the social life. Some say that it purifies, and some that it in the end degrades, and which is right? Is art the handmaiden of religion, or is she her mortal foe?

Surely this is true. Art in whatever form it may take shape refines, but to refine is not in the realms of morals to purify. The Prince of Darkness in these latter days is a gentleman in manners, and can talk right well about music, and the drama, and the latest picture from the sunny land of France. He is fond of art, and fond of evil too. The fact is, culture is not religion and should not usurp its place. Pictures, like poems and works of fiction, may do good or evil according to their character, and the genius of an artist should not atone for the impurity of his work. Honor to him who gives us that which raises our thoughts into regions which are pure and lofty, but from him who would degrade—turn away. We pay too dearly for art if it injures, and while culture is good, strength of moral character is far better.

DISSATISFIED.

A GREAT many people thought the wrong site was selected for the Washington monument. From the following item in the "Washington Capital," we may conclude that the monument is dissatisfied and restless:

At the meeting of the Washington Monument Society Colonel Casey made some very interesting statements to the members in regard to his

observation of the habits of the monument, for it appears that the great obelisk is a moving, if not a living, thing, and that it has a regular swaying motion when the sun is shining upon it. On every bright day the apex of the monument moves at least one inch westward in the morning when the sun's rays first fall upon it, and eastward again in the afternoon when the sun reaches the western side. The heat of the sun has had an expansive effect upon the masonry, and the plummet that is suspended in the interior of the monument registers this movement from day to day.

THE FIRST NAVIGATOR.

THE curious evolution of the modern ship is traced with much humor by Mr. Phil Robinson in a recent article in "Harper's." He speaks thus of the efforts of the man who first made and paddled "his own canoe:"

He was doubtless jeered at by the old folk as a good-for-nothing with his new-fangled notions and scatter-brained projects. Wading, they said, had always been good enough for them, and for their fathers—who were no fools—before them, and they did not see what young people wanted with boats. Besides, how was he going to keep a boat right side up? This must have been a clincher.

But our genius had, meanwhile, hollowed out his log, and so long as it was on dry ground he found no difficulty in getting in and out, and in this modified trough imagined, poor soul! that he had satisfied all the requirements of naval architecture. And then to have seen him drag his boat into the water, and to have heard his exultation when it floated. "There! I told you so!" It was a little on one side perhaps, but what of that? And then to see him try to get inside his boat, and to hear the huge delight of his painted contemporaries as he immediately capsized. For he *did* capsize, and at once—be sure of that. One of two things happened: either he was shot out directly like a sack of potatoes, or else he and his boat solemnly sank together. His next experiment would be made with more caution, and eventually we can imagine him proud as a grub in a nutshell, sitting complacently at the bottom of his boat. It wobbled, no doubt, in rather a startling manner whenever he moved; but then he was inside a boat, and it was no use trying to deny it. "But what good does that do you?" the still contemptuous gray-beards asked. You can hardly see over the edge of your vehicle, and you cannot move, and you cannot even get out without falling out. But our genius was not to be beaten; and, grasping the fact that a boat to be of much use ought to be able to move, he asked a friend to shove him. The result was satisfactory enough till the other man got tired of shoving, and contemporary history fails to tell us how the next step was taken. But probably finding himself within arm's reach of the bottom he tried to push himself along, and getting into deeper water, used a stick as motive power. From the stick was developed the punt-pole, and from the punt-pole the thin-bladed paddle; and holding up his shirt to dry one day after the usual accident the sail was chanced upon.

"SAWING BY."

THERE are many problems connected with the running of a single track railroad. One of these is how to get two trains past one another when each is longer than the side track. The means by which this is accomplished is known as "sawing by." There was a time when this plan was not so familiar as it is now, and the following clipping from the "Chicago News" shows how a young brakeman turned his ingenuity to good account:

A number of years ago a stubby young man with a big mouth and solid-looking head was taken on the Galesburg division of the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy Railroad as a freight brakeman. He seemed to pay no attention to the sports indulged in by his fellow-brakemen when off duty, but spent most of his time around the shops learning how to run engines and picking up information about the machinery of railroading. One day a tall, clerical-looking man was riding in the caboose of the train on which this young man was employed. The tall man seemed to take a kindly interest in the young brakeman, who answered his questions courteously, but did not permit the passenger to interfere in the least with his duty. Finally the train came to a stand-still, and it was found that it had met another freight train at a station where the side track was not long enough to hold either train. The problem presented was: How were the trains to get by each other? In this day that would be solved very easily, but it so happened that at that time, when railroading was a very different matter, neither conductor had encountered such a condition of affairs, and both supposed that one of the trains would have to back up to a station with a longer side track. As the conductors were discussing this the tall passenger and the young brakeman came up to them.

When the young man understood the situation he said to his conductor, respectfully,

"You can get by."

"How, I'd like to know?" said the conductor.

The young brakeman picked up a stick and marked out in the mud what is now known to every railroad man as "sawing by." The trains were sawed and went their way. The next day the young man was called to the division superintendent's office, where he met the tall passenger—Superintendent H. H. Hitchcock—and was taken into his more immediate employ, where he learned telegraphy and became a train dispatcher. In a short time the office of master of transportation was created, and the young man was given that place. From that day he has grown rapidly, and now the man who rides over the Chicago and Alton Railroad on the general manager's pass reads that young brakeman's name at the foot of it—C. H. Chappell, general manager.

COURT ETIQUETTE.

SOME of our newspapers are at present bewailing the decline of republican simplicity at the White House. It will not be charged, however, that we have any thing in America which compares with the English court customs of which Gen. Badeau writes. That divinity which doth hedge a king is made painfully prominent in the treatment which the queen exacts from those about her:

She still exacts for herself the punctilio of former centuries. Men and women of the highest rank kneel to her to-day; cabinet ministers kiss her hand. She refuses to receive any personal service from a menial except at table. She never opens a door or directs a letter. Dukes and duchesses cloak her in public, and commoners become "Honorable" for life because they have waited on her majesty. At a garden-party I have seen a duchess walking behind her to carry a bouquet, or standing at the entrance of a tent while her mistress went within to rest or refresh herself. The sovereign's own daughters arrange her robes when she opens Parliament; the Prince of Wales pays homage as a subject on the same occasion; her children must be presented at court upon their marriage. In the early part of her reign she was visiting Louis Philippe, then king of the French, at his Chateau d'Eu, and one day asked for a glass of water. It was handed her by a servant, but her majesty declined to receive it; whereupon the king directed one of his own sons to offer the goblet, which was then graciously accepted.

LET IT PASS.

BE not swift to take offense;
Let it pass!
Anger is a foe to sense;
Let it pass!
Brood not darkly o'er a wrong
Which will disappear ere long;
Rather sing this cheery song—
Let it pass!
Let it pass!

If for good you've taken ill,
Let it pass!
O, be kind and gentle still;
Let it pass!
Time at last makes all things straight;
Let us not resent, but wait,
And our triumph shall be great.
Let it pass!
Let it pass!

A SOUTH AFRICAN THUNDER-STORM.

EVERY country has its specialty. It seemed for some time as though America had no individuality in weather, but the sudden and vigorous appearance of that Dakota invention, the blizzard, has quieted all fears on that point. A writer in the San Francisco "Call" claims for South Africa a pre-eminence in the production of thunder-storms. He says:

I lay one evening an hour before sunset in my tent, after a toilsome day's journey. Without a moment's warning a sudden crash was heard, another in quick succession, and again another, louder and more vehement than if a hundred parks of artillery were fired about my ears! Then the rattle and the blinding flashes of blue-green lightning sending its bolts into the earth all around, killing every thing, both animals and plants, within its reach. My nerves became completely unstrung, and I would have given worlds for some dark cavern to crawl into to hide my own nothingness. There I had to stand paralyzed with awe, expecting every moment the dread messengers that were floating about me would summon me to the other life. Now began to fall heavy drops of crystal water on my tent, increasing every instant till it seemed to descend in one solid sheet. Then the wind roared through the trees, and I was startled almost into unconsciousness by a heavy thud on the ground near me. In all my life I never experienced any thing so awful as the storm that night in the Transvaal. After about an hour of this terrible din of the elements, there was a sudden cease to all just as suddenly as it began. The red sun appeared near the horizon, the clouds all passed away, leaving the atmosphere deliciously cool and refreshing, and when the sun dipped behind the mountain it was succeeded by a silvery moon that looked like a glittering crescent in the beautiful blue sky. The shock of the system was succeeded by a quiet repose that was indescribable—something far beyond the *dolce far niente* of Italy or Spain.

Our Youth.

A PAPER FOR YOUNG PEOPLE AND THEIR TEACHERS.

JOHN H. VINCENT, EDITOR.

Price, $1 25 a year for single subscription. Special rates to clubs of ten or more.

[*Entered at the New York Post-office for transmission through the mails at second-class rates.*]

EASTER! The day of the East—when the Sun came up! The morning-day of the world! The day of the looking up and of the coming up of the race—when Life came forth from Death, and Hope, waiting without, heard a stirring within and began to sing as angels from Heaven came to meet the Conqueror from Hades, and the open door and empty sepulcher made earth and heaven rejoice.

EASTER day is the corner-stone day of the Church year. Every thing historical rests on it. No corner-stone ever bore such a load. Dates and names, memories and prophecies, precious things of the earth and precious things of the heavens, are hidden in it. No corner-stone ever held so much treasure. If there was no first Easter day bearing the facts which Easter day now commemorates, then there is now no Church worth preserving, no Bible worth believing, no sermon worth hearing, no song worth singing, no Heaven worth seeking. No Easter—no hope, no Heaven!

WE all long for immortality. We want to live and not die, or so to die that to die will be to live. The whole race has coveted this destiny. Poets have sung of it, seers predicted it, hearts ached because uncertain of it, religions flourished which have promised and contended for it. Every body in his right mind would be glad to have a future life proved to be a certainty. Especially is this true when death comes into a house and strikes the voice and hand and heart of love into perpetual stillness. When baby dies we put flowers into the coffin and comfort ourselves by the faith that baby lives —somewhere. When father, mother, husband, wife, man in his glory, woman in her loveliness, are cut down we weep but hope. We hide them in the grave, and sing of a world beyond that is without graves.

BUT how can we know this? We sing and hope—but on what ground? Have the dead ever come back to us? Has the door-bell ever rung and mother, whom we put into the cemetery a year ago, walked in again to surprise and to abide with us? No! Death is death. There is no break in the ranks of "the silent majority." When we say "Good-bye" to the fading eyes and nerveless hand we well understand that it is for the rest of life. We well know that though we may go to her she will no more come back to us. Yet we hope. Mottoes are on the wall, memorial volumes are on the table, symbols of life everlasting are about the room. We speak of the dead as still ours—somewhere. But why? Does nature tell us so? Have the stars said it? Does science prove it? Hints there may be of this great truth in nature, but where are the proofs? O, if some one could tell us with authority that we shall live after death! And if he could only prove it by dying and then rising from the dead. Then we should have *historic* proof.

WELL, ONE did—did die and did arise from the dead. There were some curious facts in history in this same line before this notable rising of the ONE. They were hints at what should be sometime. They were fore-gleams of a morning star. The true morning star is the sun. The translations and resurrections recorded in history—Enoch, Elijah, Lazarus, the youths of Nain and Capernaum—were promise-types of a real and permanent re-living after dying—that of JESUS, the Sun of righteousness, who brought Morning to our Night, Angels to our Grave-yards, and Hope to our despair. We have the fact in history. A fact among facts. The Fact of facts: THE LORD IS RISEN INDEED! On this fact the whole superstructure of Christianity rests. Remove it and all totters and ends. No risen Christ—no Christian hope. No risen Christ—no Christian Church. No risen Christ—no Christian peace when the loved ones die and the gates of the grave are closed together.

BUT verily THE LORD IS RISEN. The fact stands and cannot be successfully contradicted. The effort has been repeatedly made, but it has always failed. The Church stands as an institution among men giving witness to the faith of this century, and of all the Christian centuries from the first, in the resurrection of Jesus from the dead. No fact could be more effectively verified. No fact could be more certainly reported. If it be not a fact, we cannot depend upon the testimony of history concerning any unusual fact. It is a fact to which Scholarship, Piety, and Common Sense have paid tribute. To-day many of the wisest, strongest, purest, and most widely read men of the race in all ranks and positions in life—statesmen, philosophers, judges, divines, scientists—are implicit believers in the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the grave.

THIS then is our joy on Easter day: THE LORD IS RISEN! The doom of Death has gone forth. Earth cannot reverse or annul it. But Heaven has put Hope into the hearts of the doomed race by a voice, a breath, a touch: a voice of defiance and of command; a breath of life and of awakening; a touch of power and grace. Our dead who sleep in Christ are not dead. They sleep and shall awake again. We shall see them again. And when the reunion begins it shall be without end—a reunion of life without end, of joy without abatement, of love without limitation. While all others rejoice in the coming of this blessed Easter day let us also rejoice, dear readers, and turn with the faith of acceptance and with the love of quickening and transformation to Jesus Christ, who is the resurrection and the life.

EASTER BELLS.

LILIES wake—your bells to ring!
Ring the triumphs of our King!
Ring his praises far and wide!
He lives again, who for us died!

Lily bells, your anthems ring!
Heaven in joy receives her King;
Death is robbed of all its gloom,
Christ has risen from the tomb!

Lily bells, your praises ring!
Praises to our risen King;
Loving work for us begun,
For evermore it now is done.

Lily bells, adoring ring!
He of all kings is THE KING;
Tell of his love and all he bore,
That we might suffer death no more.

Then lilies ring! ring! O, ring!
Easter greetings to our KING!
Ring your notes in sweetest chime,
Ring it out to every clime,
ALLELUIA! —*M. E. Lockwood.*

THE debate by the readers of OUR YOUTH on the extension of the term to six years was well summed up in our last number by representatives of the affirmative and negative. The range of the discussion has not been confined to the question itself—the question of "extension"—but has covered the whole subject of the itinerancy *versus* the settled ministry. In either case the weight of argument is in favor of the NEGATIVE. While the whole subject came into the debate, all the arguments *pro* and *con* were not presented, and we postpone a full editorial discussion of the itinerancy as a system of pastoral provision.

WHATEVER the wisdom of the Church may ordain for the future years of Methodism, the itinerancy with the three-years term of possible pastoral service is the rule, and by this let us abide for the present, discussing fully and with frank and generous spirit the entire question, and testing the efficiency of the plan which now obtains; accepting the preacher sent by the Bishop; greeting him with a heartiness which, by making him feel thoroughly at home at once, will economize his time; co-operating with him in establishing his policy and line of operation; holding up his hands by prayer and gifts and work, and proving by utmost endeavor and in all fairness whether or no the present limitation is the very best for the Church.

OUR BEREAN HOMILY.

LESSON for May 2, 1886. JESUS AT THE WELL.—John 4. 5–26.
GOLDEN TEXT.—John 4. 24.

PREFATORY. We last met Jesus at night in Jerusalem in conversation with a man of Israel. We now find him at midday near Shechem in conversation with a woman of Samaria. Jacob's well, where Jesus gave his lesson on the well of living water, is about thirty-four miles north of Jerusalem, about the direction and distance of Hartford from New Haven in Connecticut. Jesus, too tired to travel, was not too tired to talk about his Father's kingdom to aliens from that kingdom. And he talked not to condemn, but to give hope. He was true to the Jewish ruler, he is true to the Samaritan sinner, and he was gracious to both. He showed no more deference to the one than to the other. The unregenerate, unspiritual tone of the man and the aimless, impenitent life of the woman were alike objects of his divine and gracious interest and compassion.

INTERROGATORY.—The place? The well? Who was Jacob? What facts can you recall about Jacob that may have been suggested to Jesus at this place? Give the opening of the conversation between Jesus and the woman. What did the woman understand by "living water?" What did Jesus mean by it? Find in the lesson all the characteristics of the water Jesus described. (See vers. 10, 13, 14.) Why did the woman think Jesus "a prophet?" How did she try to evade the force of his personal rebuke? Repeat the rich and wise answer of Jesus. Collect from this lesson all the evidences of the superior character of Jesus.

HOMILY. Never was such water given at Jacob's well as on this day when Jacob's Lord met Jacob's daughter. Not far from here the patriarch had seen the ladder reaching from earth to heaven and the angels of God on it, and heaven opened. To-day heaven is truly opened, and Shechem made a Beth-El (House of God). And the doctrine of Christ concerning God as a Spirit, and the true worship as being "in spirit and in truth," makes every place on earth a Beth-El, if only a worshiping heart be there. Jesus prepares the way for the poor soul by showing her, first, what he himself is; and, second, what she is; and third, what the Father is. He exposes her but does not expel her. He opens out her real character, and then lets her look at it with no word of wrath and contempt on his part. For her to be what she was, was punishment enough when once she saw it from the point of view from which a man of God, a prophet of God, saw it. So he called her thoughts up to the heights and glories and graciousness of the Father himself—the Father alike of Jews and Samaritans, of men and women, of saints and sinners, and brought her to this large place of hope and peace. It was a great blessing to meet such a stranger. He was not a stranger but a friend, nay, a brother, and that day's chat by the well-side wrought a wondrous change in that woman's heart and life. And Jesus is the same to-day and his doctrines are as true as then.

PRAYER.—O Thou Well of living water, we, athirst, fly to Thee! Thou art the Truth. Thou art able to give us Thy Truth and Thy Spirit. We ask this gift that there may be in us a well of living water springing up into everlasting life. And may we daily worship Thee in spirit and in truth. Amen.

THE SHEPHERD AND HIS FLOCK—A PARABLE.

BY T. M. GRIFFITH.

A CERTAIN man had many sheep in his flock. Some of these were silly sheep that wandered away; for they said one to another, "Now we shall have liberty; we shall live after our own sweet wills." But, before many days, the wolf devoured one, and the precipice destroyed another, and the rest of them starved to death.

There were other sheep that abode with the flock, but they followed their shepherd afar off; so that their pasture was trodden by many feet, and never tasted fresh and sweet; moreover they did snuff the dust that was raised by the many that went before them, besides being exposed to many dangers from robbers and from prowling beasts of prey.

Now it came to pass that a few of the flock had learned to love their shepherd, so that they always followed him closely whithersoever he led them. And they did eat the fat of the land. For they always had the fresh pastures, and drank of unsullied waters, and were always safe while sheltered by the shepherd's care. Also, their shepherd loved them; for they that were nearest to him were dearest to him.

Hear now the point of the parable: Follow the Shepherd and Bishop of your souls closely, constantly, *gladly!*

OUR YOUTH DEBATING CLUB.

Subject.

Resolved, That boycotting is justifiable.

Arguments for the Affirmative.

No. 1.—The boycott is the refusal of a body of men to deal in a business way with men or corporations that have injured them. It must be granted that every person has the right to buy of whomsoever he pleases. If he choose to withdraw his custom from any shop he may undoubtedly do so. If a number of persons similarly situated, suffering like grievances, real or fancied, choose to stop their dealings with those who have injured them, their legal right cannot be questioned, for in this action, which is in fact the "boycott" in its purest form, each is doing as he wishes with his own property. The boycott is therefore justifiable on the ground of property-right. J. C. S.

No. 2.—Just as "strikes" do not rightly mean riots and dog-in-the-manger persecutions of those who are willing to work, "boycotting" does not mean an attempt to prevent other people from patronizing certain merchants, but it describes the resolve of certain classes of people to withdraw their support from firms, with a view to adjusting labor difficulties. No one can deny that men have a right to strike when they are being imposed upon by employers. Is it any more unjustifiable to refuse to buy the goods of extortionate employers, or to cease to deal with those who sell these goods? It is the abuse of "boycotting," not the real "boycotting," that is unjustifiable. T. S. R.

No. 3.—If a person does not like the goods which a man keeps in his shop, he is at liberty to buy elsewhere. If he thinks he is unjustly treated by any person or corporation, he will naturally refrain from further dealings with them. If he can persuade others of his grievances, and get them to join him in leaving the offending party without support, he has a perfect right to do so unless he accomplishes his end by fraud and misrepresentation. Such action is not criminal conspiracy, it is justifiable boycott. J. S. P.

Negative arguments should be sent to OUR YOUTH, *Plainfield, N. J., before May 1 or 8, 1886.*

THE OXFORD LEAGUE.

A DEDICATION.

I take God the Father to be my God.—1 Thess. 1. 9.
I take God the Son to be my Saviour.—Acts 5. 31.
I take God the Holy Spirit to be my sanctifier.—1 Peter 1. 2.
I take the Word of God to be my rule.—1 Tim. 3. 16, 17.
I take the people of God to be my people.—Ruth 1. 16, 17.
I likewise dedicate my whole self to the Lord.—Rom. 14. 7, 8.
And I do this deliberately.—Josh. 24. 15; Sincerely.—2 Cor. 1. 12; Freely.—Psa. 110. 3; and forever.—Rom. 8. 35–39.

In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth. . . . God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him. . . . All have sinned and come short of the glory of God. . . . The wrath of God is revealed from heaven against all ungodliness and unrighteousness of men who hold the truth in unrighteousness. . . . God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life. . . . God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ. . . . What are these which are arrayed in white robes, and whence come they? . . . These are they which have come up out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple, and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them.

OUR young people want something to do. Well, let them do something useful. Work for the Church. Work in the Church for people outside. Have a benevolent purpose. Work it out. Thus the Church, the young people, and the outside world will be blessed.

SEE what may be done with pictures and paste. Collect from every source pictures, large and small, photographs and engravings of every kind. Old papers and magazines are around every house. Gather them up. There are great opportunities of good in what is called "waste paper." After weeks and months of collecting let all these thousands of pictures be carefully trimmed. Then let them be sorted according to size and subject. Now paste them on sheets of paper which may afterward be bound together forming books. Letter-press or neatly written pages may be inserted explaining the picture. Large photographs and colored engravings may be bound up with the pasted pages, and thus a library of good books provided for children in lowly homes, for people in prisons, almshouses, hospitals, and in houses of affliction. Any amount of useful religious instruction may be in this way communicated. Organize your "Picture and Paste Party" and go to work.

THE members of the Oxford League may do a good work this spring by appointing a committee, getting consent from the board of trustees, and proceeding to fix up the front of the church; digging, sowing grass seed, repairing the fence and walks, brushing down dust and cobwebs, putting on the doors a new coat of paint, planting a few flowers or evergreens, putting the sidewalk in good condition, and giving the church a pleasant May-day look, showing the people that the Church is alive at least to the necessity of cleanliness and order.

ORGANIZE "Home Sunday-schools." Get the "stay-at-homes" at work at home reading a given lesson every Sunday and instructing the children. Pastors can help this work on. So can the young people who work in the Oxford League.

JOHN WESLEY, in his Journal for Friday, Oct. 16, 1747, writes: "I went with two or three friends to see what are called the electrical experiments. How much these also confound these poor half-thinkers who will believe nothing but what they can comprehend! Who can comprehend how fire lives in water? and passes through it more freely than through air? How flame issues out of my finger, real flame, such as sets fire to spirits of wine? How these, and many more as strange phenomena, arise from the turning round a glass globe? It is all mystery: if haply by any means God may hide pride from man!"

THE "Oxford League" is not a social organization for the promotion of neighborly spirit, for musical, literary, and semi-dramatic entertainment, for a good time by means of ice-cream, strawberries, cake, and coffee. These festive features may sometimes promote certain ends of Church life, but they are of a relatively low order, and it is not the specific design of the "Oxford League" to promote them.

THE "Oxford League" is not designed to be merely a literary society in the Church for the increase of educational ambition, and the gratification of literary tastes. Worthy as these may be, they do not constitute the distinctive idea of the "Oxford League."

THE League is specifically religious in its aim. It proposes to promote spiritual life by more Bible study; to broaden the Christian's horizon, and increase his power of adaptation by a larger culture in the world of thought and expression; to deepen his zeal for God and his delight in the things of the divine kingdom; by social devotional services and by private prayer, and to express in Christly way his love for souls of men, by helping the minister to labor in behalf of others, by visiting, by tract distribution, and by fidelity in attendance upon the public and social means of grace.

"ALL things are ours" when we are Christ's—all things—all culture, all art, all science, all legitimate enjoyment, all true social fellowship, and all communion with God of nature, and the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. Christians have a right to good libraries, to pleasant companionships, to large knowledge, so long as they are not used for the promotion of selfishness, but for the increase of one's influence for good.

THE SCHOOL AT HOME.

THIS week we shall devote most of our space to the subject of THE JOURNALIST.

Vol. I, No. 1, of that new publication was a creditable issue, and we congratulate the editors heartily upon the success of their first number. It is an unusual thing for a young people's paper to reach in its first issue so large a circulation. If the editors were to follow the example of certain enterprising daily newspapers, they might publish an affidavit of the printer to the effect that the number of copies printed of THE JOURNALIST, April 17, 1886, was equal to the number of copies of OUR YOUTH of the same date—yes, exactly equal.

A WORD to the ninety or more whose names do not appear at the head of THE JOURNALIST'S first column. We have for them a motto, old to be sure, but none the worse for that. It is a motto which a manufacturer of lard is said to have adopted, "Try, try again." Of course, it is not pleasant to fail, but life is full of disappointments, small and great, and those who learn to take them good-naturedly and philosophically save themselves a great deal of discomfort.

Let those whose names do not appear in this number of THE JOURNALIST make up their minds to either depose the present lords of the editorial column, or make them work hard to keep their places. A good-natured spirit of rivalry is commendable, and we hope no one will feel more than a natural and quickly passing disappointment over the failure to secure a place the first time.

IN order to overcome certain difficulties which have presented themselves, we have decided upon the following announcement for the second number of THE JOURNALIST, which will appear in No. 26, May 29:

1. All contributions must reach OUR YOUTH, Plainfield, N. J., on or before May 15, 1886.

2. The contributors for this number must *not be over fifteen* years of age. (No. 3 will be open to those from *fifteen* to *twenty*.)

3. Rejected contributions will not be returned unless accompanied by stamps for the purpose.

4. Contributors are particularly requested to write on only one side of the paper.

The following are the departments, word limits, and premiums for THE JOURNALIST, Vol. I, No. 2:

Editorial.—On any subject likely to be of interest to the readers of THE JOURNALIST; connected with the school, home, and out-door life of young people. 200 words. Prize, 12mo story book.

Poem.—12 lines on any subject. An incident or anecdote preferable. Prize, 12mo story book.

Story.—A bright, well-told story on any subject. 400 words. Prize, 12mo story book.

Article.—"What Young People Call a Good Story." 250 words. Prize, 12mo story book.

Literary Notes.—Review of the first number of THE JOURNALIST. 150 words. Prize, 12mo story book.

Correspondent's Letter.—A newspaper correspondent's letter from any part of the world. The writer need not necessarily have visited the place described. 200 words. Prize, 12mo story book.

Humorous Items.—New and original paragraphs. They should be entirely original if possible, but when borrowed credit should be given to the source from which they are taken. 150 words. Prize, 12mo story book.

Illustrated Article.—On any subject, with accompanying original sketch. The drawing must be at least four inches in its shortest dimension, and made with *India-ink* on stiff white bristol-board. It must be sent flat or rolled, not folded. No pencil drawings can be reproduced. The article must not be more than 200 words long. Prize, 12mo story book.

FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS.

"Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle and low, an excellent thing in woman."
—*Shakespeare, King Lear.*

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."—*John Keats.*

"Delightful task to rear the tender thought,
And teach the young idea to shoot."—*James Thomson.*

RECREATION.

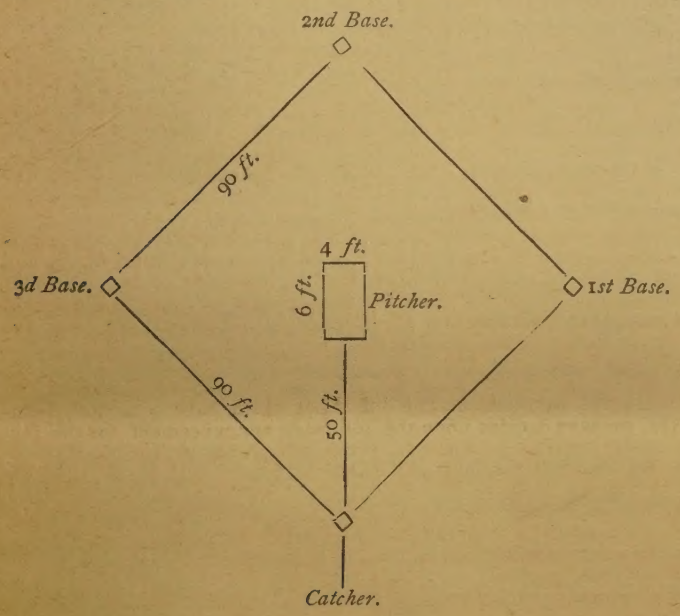
[In this department we shall describe games old and new, for in-doors and out. Suggestions and comments from our subscribers will be welcome.]

Base-Ball.

The "National Game," as it has been called, is in some danger of losing its good character since it has become a profession and a subject of betting and gambling. As there is nothing wrong in the game itself, however, and it is still played by thousands of gentlemanly young fellows all over our country, we cannot advise our readers to abandon the sport.

In reporting any news about base-ball we shall confine ourself entirely to amateur clubs, and particularly to the "Eastern Intercollegiate Base-ball Association." This association includes Yale, Harvard, Princeton, Amherst, Brown, and Williams. Each college plays two games with each of the others, and the one winning the most games is declared the champion. Harvard holds the championship of 1885, having won every college game which she played. There is little new in base-ball rules this season. The colleges have adopted the rule that *a "foul" bound caught is not out.* Seven called balls give a man his first base.

We shall not describe a game so well known as base-ball, but we give a diagram of the field with the latest measurements:



Tennis Courts.—No. 1.

Last week we mentioned the subject of tennis, and announced an intention to explain the game carefully, and to urge it upon our readers as one of the best forms of open-air recreation and exercise that the present day affords.

It is our purpose to describe the game in all its details, and, following the natural order, the subject of the tennis court first suggests itself.

Next week we shall give a diagram showing the form and exact dimensions of the court, but first we are to consider the following questions:

1. *Is a turf court better than an earth court?*

The game used to be called "lawn tennis," but so many courts are now made of earth that in such cases "*lawn* tennis" becomes a misnomer, and the simple word "tennis," which has been almost universally adopted, is much more satisfactory as well as shorter.

For ladies' playing turf courts, if they are smooth and closely cut, are unquestionably to be preferred to earth courts, which, on the other hand, prove much more satisfactory for accurate and scientific playing, as in the case of tournaments, matches, etc. If, however, it is impossible to have both we should recommend the earth court if it can be made without too much trouble and expense, and unless an unusually smooth stretch of turf is available. It is of course out of the question to spoil a lawn by making an earth court in the midst of it; so if there is no other site to be obtained a turf court may in some cases become a necessity.

2. *How should a turf court be prepared?*

The amount of work depends largely on the condition of the lawn. The matter of prime importance is that the surface of the court be so smooth that the balls will bound naturally, and not dart off at unexpected angles. To secure a smooth surface, the inequalities should be filled with earth, and a heavy roller used repeatedly for several days. If the weather is dry, the court should be sprinkled often, especially before rolling, and no one should be permitted to walk on the court with heeled shoes. Just here we may remark that tennis shoes, which we shall describe later on, are absolutely indispensable for playing on a turf court. Heels, especially the fashionable little pegs upon which young ladies sometimes perch themselves, ruin a turf court in a short time.

3. *How should an earth court be made?*

If the soil is moist clay, the making of an earth court is a comparatively simple matter. A plot 80 x 40 ft. should be spaded or plowed up, the earth carefully raked and graded, and then the roller used assiduously for some time. Earth of this kind will pack closely and form a hard, smooth surface, upon which the balls will bound satisfactorily.

In case the soil is loose and sandy, it becomes necessary to bring several wagon loads of suitable earth, which is likely to be available somewhere in the vicinity. A very soft soil which does not dry quickly after a rain may be improved by adding a little sand. In dry weather an earth court becomes dry and dusty, and should be sprinkled often.

We hope that many of our readers who have never taken up the game will become interested in it. Next week we shall describe the different ways of marking out courts.

Adjectives.

A sheet of paper and a pencil are given to the players, and each is requested to write five or six adjectives. In the meantime one of the company undertakes to improvise a little story, or, which will do quite as well, is provided with some short narrative from a book.

The papers are then collected, and the story is read aloud, the reader of the same substituting for the original adjectives those supplied by the company on their papers, placing them without any regard to sense, in the order in which they have been received.

The result will be something of this kind: "The sweet heron is a bird of a hard shape, with a transparent head and an agitated bill set upon a hopeful neck. Its picturesque legs are put far back in its body, the feet and claws are false, and the tail very new-fangled. It is a durable, distorted bird, unsophisticated in its movements, with a blind voice, and tender in its habits. In the mysterious days of falconry the places where the heron bred were counted almost shy, the bird was held to be serious game, and slight statutes were enacted for its preservation," and so on.

OUR NOTE-BOOK.

"Rex Ransom" bids us farewell this week. We are sorry to part company. The good and wise chaplain who introduced us to each other will give us another story later on.

Mrs. Rose Terry Cooke has sent us the MS. of her new story entitled "No." We promise our readers a rare treat. It will begin with the new volume of Our Youth—the number for June 5.

Think of Our Youth for the rest of the year for *fifty cents!* A paper a week, from June to December, for fifty cents!

When the Sunday-school lessons were in Joshua, and "Achan" was the topic for the day, a boy was asked,

"What did Achan take?"

He answered, the word Babylonish being divided between two lines in the Bible he read from:

"A Baby, a Ionish garment, two hundred shekels of silver, and a wedge of gold; and the sin was in burying the baby."

The true gain from reading books, listening to conversations, studying pictures, etc., is not made by conscious and recognized aggregations from day to day, but by insensible and unconscious influence. Words drop into thought and use without any resolve on our part to remember them. Simple contact involves culture.

Teachers should prize independent, fresh, and original answers from their pupils, even if they are not given in the precise language of the book, or in the most accurate and elegant English.

Some one says:

Chaucer describes men and things as they *are;* Shakespeare, as they *would be* under the circumstances supposed; Spenser, as we would *wish* them to be; Milton, as they *ought* to be; Byron, as they ought *not* to be; and Shelley, as they never *can* be.

We called attention some time ago to the abominable American habit of turning rocks, barns, and fences into poster frames for advertising drugs and other articles of merchandise. The following item from Binghamton, N. Y., gave us great satisfaction:

"Two traveling advertising agents came here on Saturday, and looked about for a conspicuous dead wall. The brick building of Lewis West on the west side of the Chenango River rises up in view of Court Street. This was a desirable spot, and finding the young son of a tenant of the block, the painters secured his permission and began work. The rapidity of their operations was wonderful. In less than five hours the wall for a space of eighty feet in length and fifteen in width was covered with suggestions to the way-farer about things that were good for his blood and his liver. The admonitions could be read at the distance of a mile. The owner of the building caused the arrest of the painters. They were arraigned this morning and said they were Charles Macklin and Clayton Crisp. They tried to settle the matter, but they were ordered by the court to scrape the paint off, or suffer a severe penalty. They will undo their work."

THE OUTSIDE WORLD.

Belgium.

(Area, 11,373 sq. miles; population, 5,655,197; ruler, King Leopold II.)

THIS little country, the most populous in the world, lies between France, Germany, and the Netherlands, and is separated from England only by a narrow channel. In the north and west the land is low, and is protected from the sea by dykes of earth, but the southern portion of the country is generally hilly and wooded. Here and there are mines of coal and iron, which are the basis of the national prosperity. The kingdom has but slight political influence, but as an industrial state it ranks among the first. The land is divided into small farms to such an extent that one person in five is a land-owner. The mines and metal works give employment to about 300,000 persons, and many more are busied in the manufactories of cotton, linen, and woolen fabrics. The value of the imports and exports of Belgium in 1882 amounted to $725,000,000, or about one half the value of the whole foreign commerce of the United States during the same year. Brussels is the capital and largest city, having 389,782 inhabitants, and there are 18 other cities of more than 20,000, among them Antwerp, the chief port, Ghent, Liege, Bruges, and Mechlin. The Roman Catholic religion is almost universally professed, but all other faiths are tolerated. An effort is making to educate the common people, but in 1880 nearly one third of the nation were classed as illiterate. About one half the people speak French; the rest are mainly Flemish, with about 40,000 Germans. The standing army consists of 47,000 men. The national debt is large, but the income from the state railroads pays the interest charge.

Belgium is one of the youngest states in Europe. The territory which it now includes was part of the empire of Charlemagne, and later, as the county of Flanders, it belonged to the French kingdom. It was subject to the dukes of Burgundy, and its cities became commercial and manufacturing centers, rivaling those of northern Italy. Flanders was inherited by the Emperor Charles the Fifth of Spain and Germany, and under the rule of his granddaughter was independent for a few years, reverting to Austria (1713). The French drove out the Austrians in 1793, and Belgium remained French until 1814, when it was made a part of the kingdom of the Netherlands. The latter union was unsatisfactory, and (1830–31) Belgium revolted and became a separate kingdom.

IN the market-place of Bruges stands the belfry old and brown;
Thrice consumed and thrice rebuilded, still it watches o'er the town.

As the summer morn was breaking, on that lofty tower I stood,
And the world threw off the darkness, like the weeds of widowhood.

Thick with towns and hamlets studded, and with streams and vapors gray,
Like a shield embossed with silver, round and vast the landscape lay.

At my feet the city slumbered. From the chimneys here and there,
Wreaths of snow-white smoke, ascending, vanished, ghost-like, into air.

Not a sound rose from the city at that early morning hour,
But I heard a heart of iron beating in the ancient tower.

. . . . . .

Then most musical and solemn, bringing back the olden times,
With their strange, unearthly changes, rang the melancholy chimes.

Like the psalms of some old cloister, when the nuns sing in the choir;
And the great bell tolled among them, like the chanting of a friar.

Visions of the days departed, shadowy phantoms filled my brain;
They who live in history only seemed to walk the earth again.

. . . . . .

I beheld the pageants splendid that adorned those days of old;
Stately dames, like queens attended, knights who bore the Fleece of Gold;

Lombard and Venetian merchants with deep-laden argosies;
Ministers from twenty nations; more than royal pomp and ease.

I beheld proud Maximilian, kneeling humbly on the ground;
I beheld the gentle Mary, hunting with her hawk and hound;

. . . . . .

I beheld the Flemish weavers, with Namur and Juliers bold,
Marching homeward from the bloody battle of the Spurs of Gold;

Saw the fight at Minnewater, saw the White Hoods moving west,
Saw great Artevelde victorious scale the Golden Dragon's nest.

And again the whiskered Spaniard all the land with terror smote;
And again the wild alarum sounded from the tocsin's throat;

Till the bell of Ghent responded o'er lagoon and dyke of sand,
"I am Roland! I am Roland! There is victory in the land!"

Then the sound of drums aroused me. The awakened city's roar
Chased the phantoms I had summoned back into their graves once more.

Hours had passed away like minutes; and, before I was aware,
Lo! the shadow of the belfry crossed the sun-illumined square.

—*From Longfellow's Belfry of Bruges.*

The English Situation.

THE speech of Mr. Gladstone, outlining his plans for the future government of Ireland, has been the theme of the cable news for a week. Now that the enthusiasm aroused by the eloquence of the Premier has subsided, a slight reaction has set in against Home Rule. Mr. Gladstone's proposals are acceptable in the main to the Irish leaders, although some modifications of the scheme must be made in order to make it wholly satisfactory. But the opposition to the bill in other quarters has been most bitter. The Conservatives, led by Lords Salisbury and Churchill; the Radicals, who follow Mr. Chamberlain; the moderate Liberals of the Hartington party, and the Irish Loyalists have protested against it in Parliament, in popular gatherings, and in the newspapers. They denounce the project as visionary, impracticable, impossible, and as the certain prelude to the breaking up of the British Empire. To this it is replied that there is no alternative —it must be Home Rule or bayonet rule.

Before the bill finally passes the House of Commons it must be "read" three times, and the permission of the House must be granted on each occasion. The debate which closed April 13 was upon the "first reading." All the leaders took part in the discussion, and Mr. Gladstone made another telling speech. The bill then passed to its first reading, no attempt being made to delay it. The second reading is appointed for May 10, and at that time the opposition will attack the measure in earnest, and will, if possible, prevent its passage. It is said that the Premier will devote the Easter recess to a series of addresses on the subject of Irish Home Rule in different parts of England and Scotland.

The Arbitration Bill.

THE wide prevalence of labor troubles at the present time, and the long continuance and serious results of the strike on the south-western railroads, have at last led to Congressional action. The House of Representatives has appointed a committee to investigate the cause and extent of the disputes. This committee has no power to settle the matters in question, and its authority is limited to inquiry.

The House committee on labor brought in a bill, March 31, for the settlement of disputes by arbitration. From the name of the chairman of this committee the measure has become known as the O'Neill Bill. It was hurried through the House, passed by a vote of 195 to 29, and sent to the Senate, where its speedy passage is predicted. The title of the bill is, "An act to provide a method for settling difficulties and controversies between railroad corporations engaged in interstate and territorial transportation of property and passengers, and their employees." The provisions of the bill were limited to the railroads thus described because Congress has no right to interfere in the private affairs of the States, but is authorized by the Constitution to regulate the commerce between the States, and to have full control of the Territories. The principal points of the bill are the following:

The first section provides that in the event of a dispute between a railroad and its employees three arbitrators may be appointed, one by the railroad, the second by the employees, and the two thus chosen shall select the third. These three persons must be citizens of the United States, and shall be impartial and disinterested in respect to the difficulty to be considered.

The second section gives this board of arbitration full power to summon necessary witnesses and to compel their attendance, "but in no case shall any witness be compelled to produce the records or proceedings of any labor organization of which he may be an officer or member." The arbitrators are sworn to the honest and unbiased performance of their duties, and the orders or conclusions of a majority of the board shall have all the force of a unanimous decision.

It shall be the duty of this board as soon as selected to proceed to a point as near as practicable to the place of origin of the difficulty; to hear and determine the matters of difference which may be submitted to them by all parties, and both to announce publicly its award and to file a copy of the award with the accompanying evidence with the United States Commissioner of Labor.

The remainder of the measure prescribes the compensation which the arbitrators and the witnesses and clerks are to receive, and limits the expenditure upon any single case to one thousand dollars. There is nothing startling about this enactment. Neither party to the dispute is compelled to appoint a member of the proposed board, and the arbitrators are clothed with no authority to carry their decisions into effect. In general the act is characterized as harmless. Arbitration has long been employed to settle differences, and the advantage of the new bill rests in the fact that the arbitrators will hereafter be backed by the United States in their efforts to secure evidence necessary to a just decision.

Pronunciation.

Ant'werp.
Art'e-vel-de.
Bel'gĭ-um (-jĭ-)
Bru'ges (-jes.)
Brus'sels.
Char-le-magne (Shar'le-mān').
Ghent (*g* as in *get*).
Ju-li-ers (Zhu'le-ā').
Liege (Leej).
Max'i-mil'ian.
Mech'lin (Měk'-).
Na'mur'.

A Brief Survey.

THE State of Rhode Island voted for Prohibition at the April election.——Sixteen members of the New York Board of Aldermen for 1884 have been arrested on the charge of receiving bribes in connection with the granting of a charter to the Broadway street railway. The president of the road has also been apprehended on the accusation of offering the bribes. —— Hon. John Welsh, formerly United States Minister to England, died April 10.—— The strike in the south-west continues. Mr. Powderly, of the Knights of Labor, and Mr. Gould, of the railroad corporation, have published a series of letters in which each charges the other with the responsibility for the difficulty. They declare their purpose to fight the matter out in the courts.——A cyclone in northern Minnesota, April 14, destroyed much property and many lives.——The United States Senate has passed the bill authorizing the people of Washington Territory and the adjacent portion of Idaho to establish a State government, preliminary to admission to the Union. The Appropriation Bills are being disposed of rapidly; the Senate has approved the Indian appropriations, and the House has voted the annual supplies for the District of Columbia and the agricultural department, and has taken up the river and harbor act, which devotes $15,000,000 to improvement in navigation. The Bland Bill, providing for the unrestricted coinage of the silver dollar, failed to pass the House.

It is reported that Mexico is about to import 600,000 Chinese laborers.——Nova Scotia is dissatisfied with the treatment she is receiving and threatens to withdraw from the Canadian Confederation.——The Peruvian elections have resulted in the choice of Gen. Caceres to the Presidency.——Mr. Gladstone presented his Land-Purchase Bill in the Commons April 16. This is a proposal for the British government to buy out the Irish landlords and sell the farms to the tenants on the installment plan, the tenant paying an annual rental until his payments equal the purchase money, when he becomes the absolute owner. The estimated expense of the undertaking is nearly $900,000,000.——According to the census of Dec. 31, 1885, the population of the German Empire is 46,840,587, showing an increase of 1,606,526 since the enumeration of 1880. The emigration for the five years was 853,242.——The cholera has again appeared in Italy. Several cases are reported at Venice and Ancona, and many deaths have occurred at Brindisi.——A recently discovered plot against the life of the Russian Czar implicates persons prominent in army circles.——The Belgian government has proposed strict laws to prevent the recurrence of dangerous labor-outbreaks.——Greece continues her warlike preparations, and demands that her frontier shall be extended in accordance with the recommendation of the Berlin Treaty.

To Correspondents.

J.W., Pa.—The days of the year are represented by the first seven letters of the alphabet. Thus: Jan. 1, *A;* Jan. 2, *B;* Jan. 7, *G;* Jan. 8, *A* again, and so on, repeating the groups of seven through the year. The *Dominical Letter* of any year is the Sunday letter of that year. For instance, the dominical letter of 1886 is *C*. In other words, Sunday was the third day of the year, or Jan. 3. Knowing this, it is easy to ascertain the day of the week corresponding to any given day of the year. The same dominical letter recurs every twenty-eight years, and tables have been constructed showing the dominical letter for any year. Thus the table shows that the dominical letter of the year 1652 (old style) was *D*, hence the first Sunday in that year was Jan. 4, and Jan. 1 fell on Thursday. The *Epact* gives the age of the moon at the beginning of the year; and the *Golden Number* indicates the progress which the moon has made in its cycle of nineteen years. We have not space for a fuller discussion of these subjects, and must refer you to any of the larger cyclopedias.

F. J. G., Conn.—Cram's Atlas, published by H. S. Stebbins, 262 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, is probably the best for the price ($3 75). "The People's Atlas," Phillips & Hunt, New York, is later, and contains more reading matter ($7).

P. S., N. Y.—Many of the instructors in the universities of Europe are Hebrews. The sciences and the mechanical arts are now at the highest point which has ever been reached in their development.

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Jest and Youthful Jollity.

"Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful jollity."—*Milton.*

—Anxious Reader.—"No. You are mistaken. Burns did not write a poem called the 'Boycotters' Saturday Night.'"—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

—The legend, "Do not touch the crank while it is in motion," which appears on messenger call boxes, refers to the machine, and not to the boy who answers the call. He is never perceptibly in motion.—*Boston Post.*

—She was sitting on the floor playing with her doll; the mother was reading. Both were deeply interested.

Mother—"Ethel, go see if Ella has finished doing my room."

Ethel (with the upward glance of audacity)—"Che-e-ek! Don't you think I am just as lazy as you are?"—*Babyhood.*

—Jacob Van Stein, who was formerly in the business in South Africa, says there is "no money in ostriches." If this be true, it is because the birds have never had an opportunity to gobble it. Hoop iron, old brass, copper pans, and other bric-a-brac may be found in the ostrich that is permitted to run at large, and if there is no money in the collection it is not the fault of the bird.—*Norristown Herald.*

—Joseph Cook recently said that every one should have an aim in life. We presume Mr. Cook does not allude to women. An aim in life wouldn't do them any good. They would never hit it, anyway, unless they improved very much in their throwing.—*Puck.*

—That the administration of justice is often affected by extraneous circumstances is a truth which becomes evident early in life. The bright six-year-old son of a genial clergyman of the historian's acquaintance had been engaged, with some of his friends, in wrong-doing, and he was called into the house under circumstances that seemed ominous.

"Did you get licked?" inquired one of his matter-of-fact companions the next day.

"Well, yes, I did," admitted the young philosopher; "but I should have got off all right if there'd been any thing for supper that father liked."—*Boston Record.*

—A young married lady, who moved into the country from a city home, considered keeping hens a pleasant and profitable duty. As she became more absorbed in the pursuit her enthusiasm increased, and "hens" made a favorite subject of her thoughts and conversation. During one of her animated descriptions of success a friend inquired,

"Are your hens good hens?"

"O yes," she replied, in a delighted tone, "they haven't laid a bad egg yet."—*Catskill Mail.*

—"Are you pretty well acquainted with your mother-tongue, my boy?" asked the school-teacher of the new scholar.

"Yes, sir," answered the lad, timidly. "Ma jaws me a good deal, sir."—*Burlington Free Press.*

—The danger of a little learning: Teacher—"Why, Freddie, how did you get those black and blue welts on your arm?"

Scholar—"Them's your fault, teacher!"

Teacher—"My fault? What do you mean?"

Scholar (sobbing reminiscently)—"Why, you told me it was a poor rule that didn't work both ways. So when I went home I took pa's new two-foot rule that doubles up on a hinge and bent it back till it worked both ways, and then pa said I'd broken the joints, and he went and got his razor-strap. I think it was a mean trick to play on a feller, and I'll never forgive you."—*Tid-Bits.*

—A Chicago man, who has recently returned from Europe, was asked what he thought of Rome.

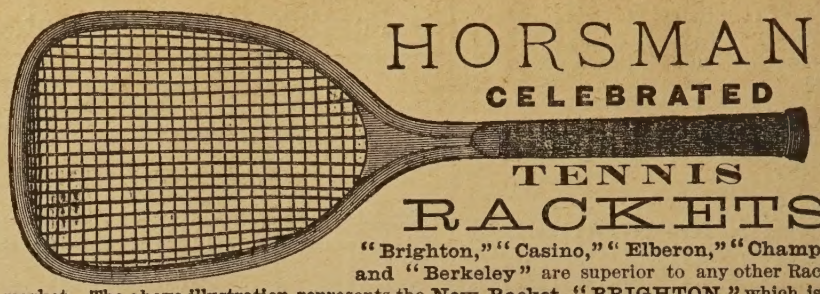
"Well," he replied, "Rome is a fair-sized town, but I couldn't help but think when I was there that she had seen her best days."—*N. Y. Sun.*

—A Florida hen having laid two eggs in one day it is understood that she will be boycotted by the Knights of Labor for overproduction.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

—Presence of Mind: Book Agent—"I have here the 'Life and Glorious Triumphs of Parnell,' which I should like to—"

Our Cook—"'Tis of Frinch exthraction I am; but ye're shure to sell wan of thim to the Oirish servants nixt door."—*Puck.*

—"We will take what we need," is the motto of the Chicago Socialists. The Binghamton "Republican" suggests that they begin by taking a bath.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*



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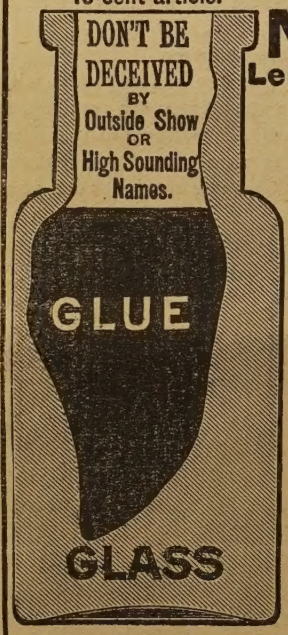

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